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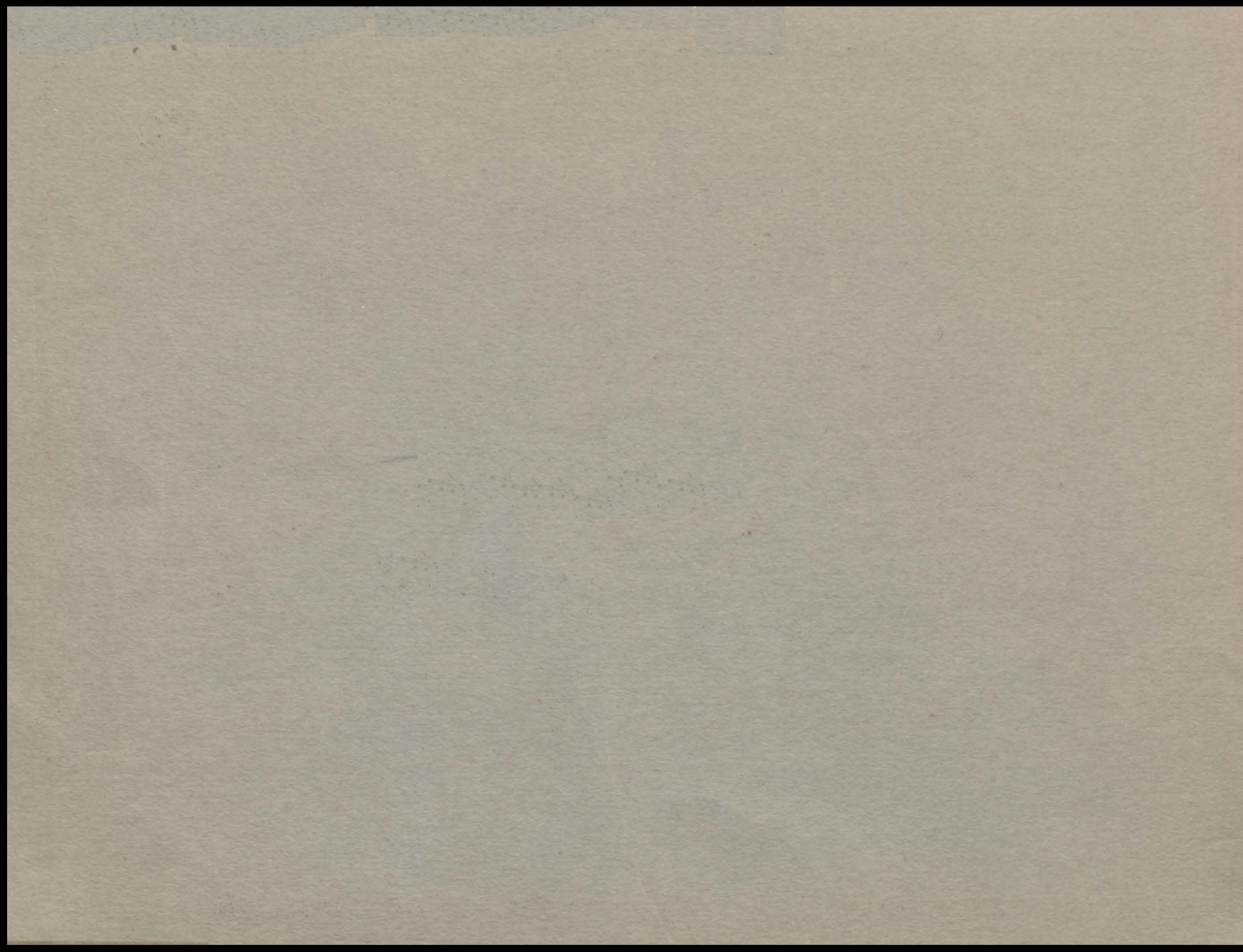
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17



BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL





BLOOMFIELD  
HIGH SCHOOL  
ANNUAL

NINETEEN    ⋈    HUNDRED    ⋈    AND    ⋈    SEVENTEEN

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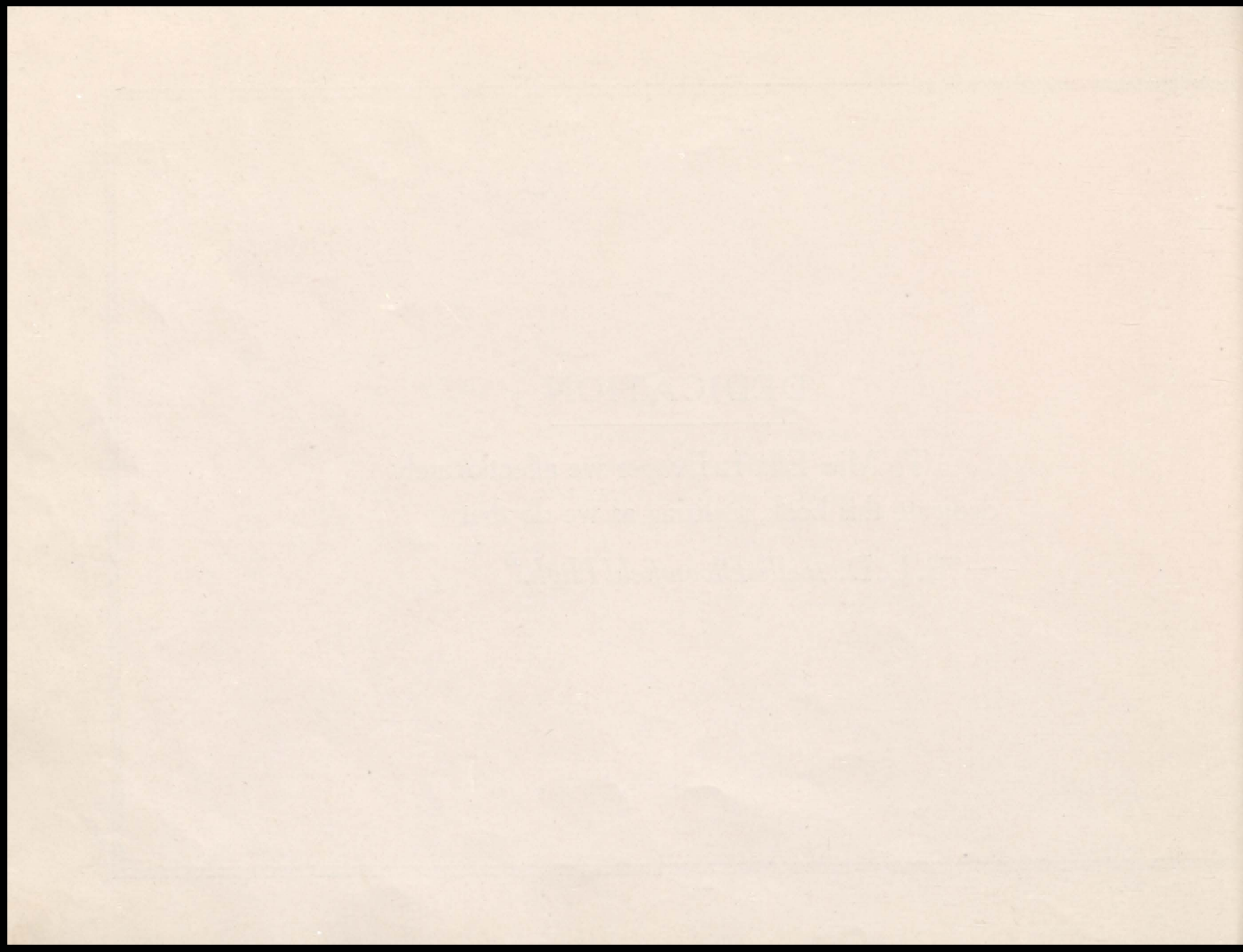
*240 Main Street, Orange, N. J.*



## DEDICATION

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To Miss Ella L. Draper we affectionately  
dedicate this book, realizing as we do that  
—“E. L. D. *spells Bloomfield High.*”



IN MEMORIAM

---

Martha Hawley Hasbrouck





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ELLA L. DRAPER, *Vice-Principal*

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R. Taylor  
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L. Walker  
A. Wilcox  
F. Wittberg  
A. Zacharevich



PALMER CUNNING

Pat

"And he by no uncommon  
lot

Was famed for virtues he  
had not."

O.—The Life of O. Henry.  
Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4; Mgr.  
Football 4; Ass't Mgr. Base-  
ball 3; Tennis team 3; Class  
Pres. 4.



IRENE PALLISER

Rene

"I am wealthy in my  
friends."

O.—How Women's Clubs  
are Showing the Way.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3,  
4; Class Sec. 3, 4; K. C.;  
Canning Demonstration.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON

Dody

"A merry heart maketh a  
cheerful countenance."

O.—Descriptive Powers of  
Music.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,  
V. Pres. 3, Pres. 4; C. C. 1,  
2, 3, 4, Sec. 4; B. B. Mgr. 4;  
Class Sec. 2, Class V.-Pres.  
4; Chairman Class Day  
Committee; K. C.



HAROLD SAILE

Sailsie

"You sunburnt sickleman,  
of August weary,

Come hither from the fur-  
row and be merry."

O.—Facts about Linen.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class B. B.  
3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Class  
Pres. 1; Class Treas. 4.





JEAN SAVILLE

Skinny

"I find excuses for myself."

O.—The Naval Reserve.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 4,  
Treas. 4; C. C. 3, 4; Editor-  
in-Chief Annual.



VIRGINIA GILSON

Gin

"Mathematics make men  
suttile."

O.—Question Box.

Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; L.  
C. 3, 4; Assistant Editor An-  
nual; K. C.

BRISEIS TEALL

Bri

"I seem to inhale learning."

O.—An American.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,  
Chairman Literary Com. 4;  
B. B. 2, 3, 4; Class B. B. 1,  
3, 4, Capt. 3; G. T. 2, 3, 4,  
Capt. 4; 1st Honor Student;  
Assistant Editor Annual;  
Rem; K. C.



GEORGE RICHTER

Richt

"Arts which I lov'd."

O.—The New York Curb  
Market.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Editor  
Annual; Rem.







ERVIN BELL

Erv

"The bell, it goeth."

O.—Fords.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4;  
Class B. B. 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt.  
1, 3, 4; Football 1; Track 1,  
2, 3, Mgr. 1; Business Man-  
ager Annual.



HELEN MORRIS

Helen

"Good health and good  
sense are two of  
Life's greatest blessings."

O.—Dr. Grenfell.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Member of  
Executive Committee 4; C.  
C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

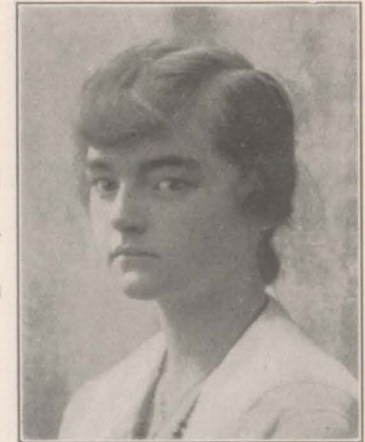
ELEANOR DURR

Eleanor

"The little maid would  
have her will."

O.—The Girl and the Pro-  
fession.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra  
1, 2; K. C.



FLOYD BERDAN

Flo

"Then he will talk—good  
gods, how he will talk."

O.—Financing War.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4, Pres.  
4; B. B. 3, 4; Class B. B.;  
Football 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3,  
4, Capt. 4; Advertising Man-  
ager Annual; Class Treas. 1;  
Rem.





VIRGINIA GARVIN

Garvie

"I want a hero."

O.—Woolen manufacturing.  
Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; C.  
C. 4.



JEANETTE HIGGINS

Jen

"Better late than never."

O.—Woman Suffrage.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

FRANK CHRISTIE

Christie

"I have a great work in  
hand."

O.—Fortunes and Prizes  
Waiting to be Won.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Sec. and  
Treas. 4; L. C. 3, Treas. 3;  
C. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treas. 4.



FLORENCE CLELAND

Flo

"Men may come and men  
may go, but I talk on for-  
ever."

O.—The Red Cross.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 1, 2,  
3, Rem.; Class B. B. 1, 3, 4.





LOIS TICE

Ticey

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

O.—The Trained Nurse and Her Future.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; K. C.



J. COLLINS TAYLOR

Jack

"Blessings on thee, little man."

O.—Paper Milk Bottles.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2, 3; Class B. B. 2.

JESSIE EGAN

Jess

"The woman is either mad, or else she's writing verses."

O.—A Journey Through the Land of Make-Believe.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; 5th Honor Student; Rem.



SIDNEY KOPPEL

Sid

"Let not thy hair be out of order."

O.—Effect of War on Science.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.







MABEL CHANCE

Maybelle

"If chance will have me  
king, why chance may  
crown me."

O.—Aviation.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4.



CHIPMAN WALKER

Chippie

"Would he were fatter!"

O.—Smuggling.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 3, 4;  
Baseball 3, 4.



JOHN GOGGIN

Jack

"Why should life all labor  
be?"

O.—Life on the Border.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.



MARGARET BALLARD

Peg

"Begone dull care! thou  
and I shall never agree."

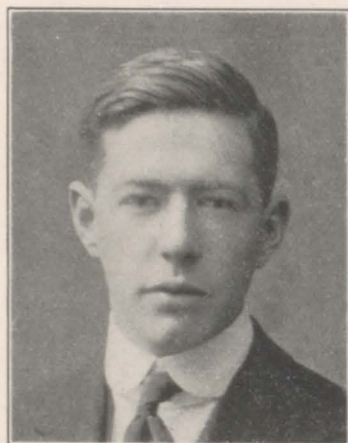
O.—America's Mineral  
Wealth.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2,  
3, 4.



CATHERINE SCHWALM  
Kate

"Ah, mark the merry maid."  
O.—The War's Influence on  
American Toys.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Day  
Committee; Rem.; Canning  
Demonstration.



DEAN McCRODDAN  
Pinkie

"You speckled-faced old  
hero, Captain Dean!" (Kyte)  
O.—Whaling.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treas. 3; B.  
B. 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4,  
Capt. 4; Track 2.

MARIE RAAB  
Crabby

"Let cheerfulness abound  
with industry."  
O.—The Silk Worm and Its  
Work.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2; K. C.



LLOYD WALKER  
Stretch

"He that gathereth in sum-  
mer is a wise son."  
O.—Some Literary Frauds.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class B. B.  
2, 3.





LURA VAN TASSEL  
Tassel

"I am resolved to grow fat."  
O.—A Trip to Ellis Island.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 2, 3, 4.



PERRY LOESCH  
Luscious

"Why waste time in idle words?"  
O.—Explosives.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; Class Day Committee.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER  
Mill

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene!"  
O.—Some Facts about Cork.  
Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4.



WILMER HEDDEN  
Ted

"He is a flatterer."  
O.—Progress in Aviation.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2; G. T. 3; Rem.







EDNA WOOD

Ted

"She speaks with a monstrous small voice."

O.—Japanese Shrines and Pilgrims.

Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; K. C.



EDITH HAPEMAN

Ede

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

O.—American Indian Day.

Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3; C. C. 3, 4.

ELIZABETH LAMBERT

Elizabeth

"Lightly was her slender nose

Tip-titled like the petal of a flower."

O.—Teaching the Blind.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 4; Class

B. B. 1, 3, 4; Class Day Committee; K. C.



BENNETT ASBURY

Benny

"A very lion among the ladies."

O.—Stock Yards.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4;

Class Day Committee.





ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Beth

"My tendency is to philosophise."

O.—Children of the Colonial Days.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.; Canning Demonstrations; K. C.



ALLAN WILCOX

Dominie

"Proud of his learning, just enough to quote."

O.—Library Tools.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4, Chairman Literary Com. 3; C. C. 4; Football 4; 3rd Honor Student.

WILBUR COX

Coxie

"Feet that are swift."

O.—The General Organization in Schools.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Track 4, Mgr. 4; C. C. 3, 4; Class B. B. 4; Class Day Committee.



MARGARITA MONTERO

Marg

"In amber scent of odorous perfume her harbinger."

O.—Life and Customs in a Central American State.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3.





MARIONNE VAN HOUTEN  
Toddy

"Faithful in little; faithful in much."

O.—The American Ambulance Hospital.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.; K. C.; Canning Demonstration.



GEORGE HEPBURN  
Dearie

"Silence accompanied him."

O.—Some Triumphs of Modern Engineers.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

GRACE FISMER  
Gracious

"Her stature tall."

O.—Swimming.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Sec. 3; B. B. 2, 3, 4, Capt. 3, 4; Class B. B. 1, 3, 4, Capt. 1; G. T. 2, 3, 4; 2nd Honor Student; K. C.



HELEN MAE COGAN  
Helen Mae

"Centuries passed and her hair became curlier."

O.—Nuisances and Evils of Advertising.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; K. C.







ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH  
Zach

"A mind forever voyaging  
through strange seas of  
thought alone."

O.—What Synthetic Chemis-  
try is Doing.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4;  
C. C. 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2,  
3, 4.



ESTHER MURDOCK  
Nooky

"Though I am not splena-  
tive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me  
dangerous."

O.—Why Oriental Rugs are  
Expensive.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

FRANCES WELTE  
Peanuts

"Gentle of speech but abso-  
lute of rule."

O.—Salvaging Human  
Wrecks.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4.

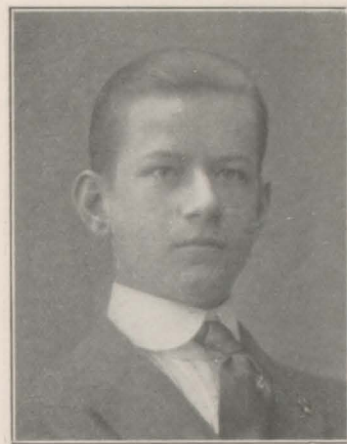


HARRY GEIB  
Geibie

"He must make hay while  
the sun shines."

O.—Food Values.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.





FRANK WITTBERG

Hank

"He blushes, all is safe."  
O.—Clearing House.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.



HAZEL BROWN

Brownie

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."  
O.—The Structure of the Bird.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 2, 4.

EVELYN NOBLE

Ev

"Better not be at all  
Than not be noble."  
O.—Plattsburg.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, V.-Pres. 4;  
L. C. 3, 4; B. B. 2, 3, 4; Class  
B. B. 1, 3, 4, Capt. 4; G. T.  
2, 3, 4; Class Sec. 2; 4th  
Honor Student.



ROBERT TAYLOR

Bob

"General Taylor never surrenders."  
O.—The Milk Strike.  
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.





JAMES KYTE

Jimmie

"I am strong and lusty."

O.—Sharks.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 3, 4,  
Capt. 4; Class B. B. 1, 2, 3,  
4; Football 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2;  
V.-Pres. Class 2.

EVA THOMPSON

Tibby

"She danced and danced as  
if she never would grow  
old."

O.—An Evening with the  
Pueblo Indians.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,  
Chairman Social Com. 3, 4;  
C. C. 1, 2, 3; Class B. B. 4;  
Class Day Committee; K. C.




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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

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B. B.—Basketball.

G. T.—Gym Team.

K. C.—Knitting Club.

Rem.—Remington Award.

O.—Title of Senior Oration.

A. A.—Athletic Association.

L. C.—Latin Club.

C. C.—Choral Class.



## *Prominent Characteristics*

---

Ballard—Her happy-go-lucky way.  
Bouton—Her snicker.  
Brown—Her pretty clothes.  
Chance—Her ready response to teasing.  
Cleland—Her excitement at basketball games.  
Cogan—Her wavy tresses.  
Durr—Her English marks.  
Egan—Her temperament.  
Fismer—Her love for the noon Math. class.  
Garvin—Her singing.  
Gilson—Her skill in the use of sarcasm.  
Hapeman—Her preparedness.  
Higgins—Her tardiness.  
Johnson—Her gestures.  
Montero—Her Oriental perfumes.  
Murdock—Standing up for her convictions.  
Noble—Her neat printing and writing.  
Palliser—Her aversion to the boys.  
Raab—Her inability to keep her jewelry.  
Schoonmaker—Her precision.  
Schwalm—Her giggling.  
Teall—Her reports (historical and otherwise).  
Thompson—Her bashfulness.  
Van Houten—Her admiration for movie actors  
and sailor boys.  
Van Tassel—Her fondness for canoeing.  
Welte—Her explosions in the Chemistry Lab.  
Wood—Her aversion to being called shy.  
Tice—Her dry humor.

Morris—Her cheerfulness.  
Lambert—Her love of brown sugar.  
Asbury—His devotion to his Packard "12."  
Bell—His ability as a manager.  
Berdan—His aversion to talking.  
Christie—His studious air.  
Cox—His track work.  
Cunning—His success in making people think he's  
bashful.  
Davis—His attachment to the office.  
Geib—His great size.  
Goggins—His delight in teasing.  
Hedden—His groundless arguments.  
Hepburn—His earnestness.  
Koppel—"Tickling the ivories."  
Kyte—Occasional witty remarks.  
Loesch—His aversion to the girls.  
McCroddan—His basketball playing.  
Richter—His art work.  
Saile—His shyness when around the girls.  
J. C. Taylor—His gym work.  
Robt. Taylor—His farm products (?).  
Wilcox—His sight translations in Latin.  
Wittberg—His reserve.  
Zacharevich—His mania for counts.  
Saville—His bluffing.  
C. Walker—His semi-collapsibility.  
L. Walker—Human test tube cleaner.

## Class Will

---

**W**E, the Class of 1917, do hereby devise, bequeath, and publish this, our final and irrevocable Will and Testament, disposing of rights, privileges, duties, and obligations at some time or other owned, claimed, or assumed by us, the said Class of 1917.

### *To the Seniors:*

1. The honorable and (probably) indisputable title of Seniors;
2. Duty of entertaining with Senior orations, their helpless audience;
3. Right to serve as an example to underclassmen;
4. Duty of publishing an "Annual," bearing this one in mind as an ultimately unattainable achievement;
5. Obligation to lead in all school activities;
6. Responsibility for School Spirit.

### *To the Juniors:*

1. Right to follow the example of the Seniors;
2. Obligation to keep school activities a-stir;
3. Atmosphere of being lower than the upper, and the younger of the elder;
4. Feeling of importance.

### *To the Sophomores:*

1. Satisfaction of not being Freshmen;
2. Understanding of School Spirit;
3. Unquestioning obedience to the faculty;
4. Undisputed right to enter all *possible* school organizations;
5. Opportunity of plunging deep into studies; *for the first time* to the bottom of learning, where they may be delayed by unperceived intricacies.

### *To the Freshmen:*

#### Following rights:

1. To become members of High School, and candidates for "B's";
2. To lead all classes in A. A. membership percentage.

#### Also this indisputable privilege:

To hold as their golden rule the motto: "With Obedience to All and Superiority toward None."

### *To all Girls:*

Custom of attracting the boys' attention.

### *To all Boys:*

Right of being caught in the girls' door at 8:59.



*To all Students:*

Right to study and graduate.

Duty and obligation to keep up the reputation of B. H. S. gained by former students; also to cherish, appreciate, and increase it indefinitely.

We also devise, bequeath, and publish as an inseparable part of our Will and Testament, and fully equal to all other parts thereof, the following rights and privileges never owned by us:

*To Mr. Morris:*

Right and privilege of reminding us by, "Don't let's forget."

*To Miss Draper:*

The sole privilege, right, and honor

1. Of entertaining in her office all tardy, truant,

and otherwise innocent pupils;

2. Title of Supreme Judge.

*To the Faculty:*

1. Lively study periods;
2. The right to satisfy ALL pupils with their reports, and keep two copies of each, in case one may be lost;
3. The privilege to teach one period a day to the Senior class, this being the only class in the whole student body with a permeable cranium.

We hereby appoint Miss E. Draper, Miss Smith, and Mr. Lawrence as executors of our Will.

CLASS OF 1917,

Per ANTHONY C. ZACHAREVICH,  
*Attorney-at-Law* (At will).



## Class Oracle

AS I was walking up Broad Street one evening in June, 1927, I passed the High School and was surprised to find it lighted up. Suddenly I remembered that the Reunion Dance of the Class of 1917 was being held and that I ought to be inside.

I walked up the steps and attempted to go in, but as I had no ticket, I had to wait for someone I knew to take me in. Wilbur Cox came along at that time, and as he was a teacher in B. H. S., I was admitted immediately. We had to walk the four flights because the elevator was not running.

Upon reaching the gym, we found out that the dance had not yet begun, so I had a chance to talk with some of the fellows who were standing around just as they used to in 1917. The first fellow I met was our one-time President, P. G. Cunningham. He was still a president, but of an Ammunition concern. I questioned him on the cause of his sudden rise in fortune and he told me that his company had been put on its feet by Irv. Bell, the financier, who had also subscribed to most of the stock. No wonder! Flo Berdan came along then and I asked him where he had been for the last few years. "Oh, I moved to Haskell, N. J., on account of my health." But I don't think so. Next I spied Jean Saville talking earnestly to George Richter, and I went over to congratulate him on his latest edition of *Life*. After shaking hands I was asked to help him persuade Richter to give up his job, as *New York Journal* cartoonist, and draw for *Life*.

The music for the first dance started then and I was looking around for a partner when I saw

Evelyn Noble hunting all over the room, presumably for her escort. He did not appear, so we began dancing. As we whirled around the gym, she told me all about herself and her friends. She was a gym instructor at Edna Wood's Select Seminary for Young Ladies in Massachusetts, and she hoped to be able to turn out a basketball team that would beat Grace Fismer's famous Vassar team. Bri Teall, it seemed, was head of the English Department at Mt. Holyoke, and was editing a grammar which would far surpass Woolley's famous handbook.

My next dance was with Helen Mae Cogan. I should have had a dictaphone and a case of records, for she always could talk. She told me that down at Proctor's last week she had a chance to see three old classmates in the "Thrilling Trio"—Sid Koppel at the piano, Anthony Zach at the violin, and Perry Loesch, a tenor soloist. Some thrilling combination! Hazel Brown and Jeanette Higgins were officers in the United Housewife's League. Frank Christie was running a large garage in New York and making good at it, too. Edith Hapeman was a prominent suffrage leader; Elizabeth Lambert was taking a course in interior decoration. Helen Mae didn't say what kind. Esther Murdock married a missionary to China, and Frances Welte was a teacher of Chemistry in the Eighth Grade. I asked Helen Mae how it happened that she was so well informed, and she told me that she was queen of the *Independent Press*' last page, entitled "Gathered Here and There." Wonders will never cease!

My head was reeling after that and feeling the need of refreshment, I sought the punch-bowl. Fighting my way through the crowd, I managed to get a drink and sat down limply in the nearest chair, which happened to be next to Jack Goggin. He seemed to be in a similar condition. He greeted me with "Hello, Benneh, how you was?"

In a short time I found out that Jack was a traveling salesman for Peg Ballard's latest edition of "How to Run a Home." He had met many of his classmates in his travels and had just come from Boston, where Noisy Davis, the reformed sailor, was conducting a revival campaign. Jack said that this was his last stop in a trip from coast to coast. In San Francisco he stayed at the Walker Bros.' hotel. On his way east, he stopped off at St. Louis, where he went to the theatre. Saile, Geib, & Company were playing in a comedy, called "Water." Saile was the leading man and Geib the comedian. Nearing the suburbs of Chicago, Jack saw a large sign along the railroad. It read: "J. C. Taylor—Poultry Fancier." Taylor always did fancy chickens. Jack said he went by Virginia Gilson's International Information Bureau. I guess there are some big business men that can say, "Gilson's Information Bureau did it."

As a Paul Jones started up Jack and I got up and joined in. My first partner was Helen Morris. It seems that Helen was thinking of starting a "Haven of Rest" for wornout teachers. I told Helen she had the right idea and if she needed any assistants, I could find plenty of helpers. Lois Tice was the head nurse of the N. Y. City Hospital, and Maybelle Chance was a Red Cross nurse. Marie Raab and Lura Van Tassel were located on Fifth Avenue, running an exclusive hairdressing and manicuring parlor. Maggie Montero was married and an apiarist on the side. She always did like Buzzer.

V. Garvin was teaching millinery in B. H. S., and Mildred Schoonmaker was Cedar Grove Kindergarten Superintendent and engaged to be married.

At the end of the Paul Jones, I excused myself and walked over to where George Hepburn was standing, looking rather lonely. George isn't talkative usually, but he was then. George still lived in Brookdale, but he kept himself well-informed concerning the rest of the class. He said he had retained Frank Wittberg and Wilmer Hedden as his lawyers in a recent breach of promise suit against Irene Palliser, who had become a New York singer. George said he had met Captains Kyte and McCroddan in New York. They were rival pilots of the American Line steamships. George told me Marianne Van Houten and Catherine Schwalm were expert typists in New York. Jessie Egan had started a Bohemian apartment on Washington Square, for stranded novelists. His old friend, Bob Taylor, was trying out a new lamb on his stock farm. Allan Wilcox had gone through college and was president of an insurance company. Flo Cleland, Elizabeth Johnson and E. Durr were expert entertainers.

The next dance I had with Josephine Bouton, Superintendent of John Jacob Astor's Orphan Asylum, No. 16. Well, this was a surprise. She told me her friend, Tibby Thompson, couldn't come because her husband would not let her.

Mr. Connors stopped the music and first call for lights out was issued. We all sang the school song and gave the school yell, three cheers for the Class of 1917. So the dance came to an end.

BENNETT ASBURY.

My last dance was with Bennett Asbury. Between collisions he managed to tell me that he had invented a new complex collapsible car, guaranteed to fit any sink.

JESSIE EGAN.



## *The Spirit of 1917*

**L**IKE the spirit of New England,  
In the days of long ago,  
Is the spirit that pervades us  
And that makes our hearts to glow.

Girls have quickly changed to women;  
Boys have laid aside their sports,  
With a manly courage rising  
To their cherished land's support.

Some have gone to raise provisions,  
For the need of food is great;  
Some will swell the ranks of soldiers:  
All unite to save our State.

Girls have also shown their spirit—  
Ready now for any call,  
Quick to help wherever needed,  
Knit, or sew, or care for all.

May this dread war soon be ended,  
May we meet again once more,  
May God keep us all in safety,  
Till freedom rolls from shore to shore.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER, '17.

## *Education*

**A**LL-POWERFUL Education is our god. He must not be ridiculed, for his wrath lasts a lifetime. He cannot be fawned upon, for he is a just god, and gives his blessings only to those worthy of them. He has the power of lifting the lowest bit of humanity to the realms of

kings and queens. He cannot be monopolized, for he gives all his blessings to no one person. He has caused halls to be erected in which to worship him. But he is like other gods, and demands sacrifices.

We sacrifice at his feet, even as the ancients worshipped their gods. We devote ourselves to his every whim and fancy, and receive some of his favors. We progress each year and climb a little nearer our god.

When we cease to worship Education in his halls, it is to be hoped that he will not be angry with us, but will pass us on to the god of Success, with whom he goes hand-in-hand.

STEPHEN GILSON, '18.

## *Farm Life*

**E**VERY morn at the stroke of five,  
From my bed I'm forced to rise,  
My back is lame, my neck is stiff,  
I surely could not climb a cliff.

The other fellows down the room,  
Have faces long and full of gloom,  
When dressing they're inclined to poke,  
For farm life surely is no joke.

Out to the long corn rows I go,  
And there I hoe and hoe and hoe,  
Until the loud hash hammer dinging  
Sends me home to dinner singing.

And, oh, what luxuries we taste—  
They disappear with greatest haste;  
Such bread and butter, pork and beans,  
The finest spread you've ever seen.



Then back into the field we go,  
For there are rows and rows to hoe,  
The work that we are given to do  
Just seems as if 'twould ne'er be through.

'Tis evening now, the sun is low,  
We've finished hoeing our last row;  
With grateful hearts and aching heads  
We turn into our nice, soft beds.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER, '17.

### *Stoking in the Navy*

AFTER enlisting as second class fireman in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, I went home and waited to be called. One week and two days later I received my letter calling me to active duty. I reported at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and was assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Pentucket, Mine Sweeper. After reporting there to the captain of the ship, I was introduced to the joys of stoking a boiler. While the work is rather hard, one doesn't mind it, as the food is excellent and the sleeping quarters comfortable. One is instructed in his duties and then the Service expects him to do his duty. The chief thing to do to make your lot an easy one is to obey orders and do your best.

GEORGE DAVIS, JR., '17.

### *Wanted*

THE League for Suffering Sailors  
And for Famished Farmers, too,  
Wants every kind of eatable eats,  
That any one can do.

Even though the fudge be hard  
And the cake a little stale,  
The sailors and the farmers, too,  
Will take it by the pail.

For boys are boys, and eats are eats—  
The two go hand in hand—  
And the more they get, the more they'll think  
They're the luckiest in the land.

"Let us honor our boys."

EVELYN NOBLE, '17.

### *For Our Boys*

WE are knitting tonight for our sailor boys,  
Eager our pledge to keep;  
And our thoughts turn oft 'mid merry jest  
and song  
To our boys on the rolling deep.

#### *Chorus*

Many are the hands that are busy tonight  
Knitting jackets soft and warm;  
Many are the hopes, knit in colors bright  
That our boys be safe from harm.

We are cooking tonight for our farmer boys  
The heroes of sod and seed,  
Who with spade and plow and their own strong  
arms  
Answer our country's need.

#### *Chorus*

Many are the spoons stirring briskly tonight  
Soft masses of fudge and dough;  
Many are the faces that then will be bright  
Of the boys who wield the hoe.

GRACE FISMER, '17.

### *SPECIAL CABLE FROM FROH-HEIM*

Promptly at 4:45 a. m. (too promptly, to tell the truth) a shrill-toned bugle gives notice that we have reposed on our downy couches long enough. Here and there a head pops up and somebody wants to know why he was woke up in the middle of the night. Over in one corner a scrap starts which soon develops into feudal warfare. Sergeant Wilcox and Corporal Saile do their official worst to stop the stream of such weapons as shoes with feet in them, pillows, and miscellaneous articles. The racket makes the second call at 5:00 a. m. unnecessary. Of course a few fellows like Lambert, Ward, and Lindsay require more than two calls, but certain methods, none of which are practiced in the best of families, are employed to rouse such delinquents.

At 5:15, after we have washed in water whose source is evidently the refrigerator, the roll call sends us all out to perform with loosely controlled "arms," either human or military. Lindsay can be quite acrobatic in rifle drill.

At mess it takes Luke Walton to "present arms" in the manner best adapted to satisfying the inner man. Following mess, our bunks are inspected and there is an opportunity to visit the camp doctor. Most of the cases treated by Doc. Fitch are a common ailment (very common here) called "Overloaditary Stomachitis."

Next comes a drill for forty minutes. Sergeant Wilcox marches majestically at the end of the line with his eagle eye alert. The men in Corporal Saile's squad shiver in terror as the various commands issue sweetly, oh, so sweetly, from his swan-like throat. After the drill we march off to the farm. On the way, Saville often gets "rats" for sneaking out of line to buy a bottle of milk. Bad habit Saville has! He is always in trouble, as usual.

Once at the farm, Skinny and Mike Boughton give excellent imitations of industrious farmers. The long and short of the Tayloring profession are good quiet workers, and Hepburn is our champ farmer. On the whole the Bloomfield delegation has acquired the reputation of being workers and not shirkers.

After a hard morning's work we are cheered by the welcome sight of the "flivver" coming with the grub for dinner. After dinner work begins again and continues until 3:00 when we return to the barracks. Some use the showers, others indulge in various activities such as baseball, quoits, swimming, etc.—(excuse me, Miss Smith). This recreation period, which lasts until 5:15, passes quickly.

At 5:30 supper is served. Again we stampede to the mess-hall. It's a wonder more fellows don't come down with that "Overloaditary Stomachitis."

A short drill at 6:15 ends our day's work, and



from 6:30 to 8:30 we can do anything we wish. There is usually some form of entertainment, for the fellows in camp possess enough ability to keep things going all the time.

At 8:30 the tender tones of "taps" are supposed to lull us to sleep. Sometimes we do get to sleep, but more often we don't. Saville, Lambert, and Saile usually start a quiet little song and are immediately deluged with pillows, shoes (this time without the feet), gravel, and other silencers.

Tricks are always being played on somebody or other; so one has to keep awake a short time to guard himself. Once asleep, we know nothing more until that doggone bugle wakes us up again.

DOMINIE and SKINNY,  
Special Reporters for the ANNUAL.

\* \* \*  
Conjugation is vexation,  
Declension is as bad.  
The Periphrastics puzzle me  
And Gerunds drive me mad.

\* \* \*  
A young lady I know, Clara C.,  
(Who is nice as nice as can be)  
Says, "In my class there aren't many,  
I'm quite sure there aren't *any*,  
Who can use the a-pos-tro-phe!"  
\* \* \*

### *Classified Ads*

FOUND—Four too many courses on my schedule.  
Apply N. E. Pupil.

LOST—My conscience in French exams. Finder kindly return as I need it badly. Arsene Yors.

FOR RENT—All knowledge of the subject in an English exam. Apply to J. Egan.

WANTED—A young naval hero with a well decorated uniform. V. Gilson.

WANTED—A megaphone so that the boys in the corner may hear me. E. Wood.

LOST—My patience while copying Chemistry experiments. If found return to E. Noble.

LOST—My typewriting speed between 2nd and 3rd floors. Finder return to C. Schwalm.

LOST—My courage in quadratic equations. Finder please return to A. Junior, Room 207.

LOST—One of my 101½ counts. Finder please return to Zach, Room 205.

FOUND—Somebody's temper. Owner can have same by proving ownership.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The word AND. Directions for misuse supplied free of charge.

LOST—Large piece of Wriggley's Spearmint.

FOUND—An inspiration for an ANNUAL article.  
Owner may have same by presenting an accurate description.



## Answer Department

Edited by V. GILSON, '17

(All sentimental questions are referred to my well known contemporary Beatrice Fairfax.)

- I. When is the world coming to an end?  
Have you gone to school all these years and not yet learned that the world is *round*?
- II. Where does the sun go?  
It doesn't; we do.
- III. If the earth suddenly stopped and fell where would it land?  
Somebody said in Glen Ridge.
- IV. How deep is the sea?  
A stone's throw, more or less.
- V. What is my name?  
The same as your father's.
- VI. What am I thinking about?  
You are thinking about what I will think when I try to think out what you are thinking about.
- VII. Where did Robinson Crusoe go with Friday on Saturday night?  
To hear Sunday.
- VIII. Who is the biggest pest in school?  
You are.
- IX. Where did the "Lost Chord" go?  
Someone played the "B gone" string and the "Lost Chord" went.
- X. Why are moonlight nights so fascinating?  
Moonlight contains a germ which causes Moonitis. Presence of this disease is shown by a tendency toward mooning.  
Cure—Judicious indulgence in this tendency.  
After effect — Delusion that moonlight nights *are* fascinating.
- XI. How long does it take to go to Hawaii?  
We learn in Math. Class that distance divided by rate gives time. Figure it out for yourself.
- XII. Why is Mutt so much taller than Jeff?  
Simply because Mutt received a higher education.
- XIII. What is an angle? A circle? An axiom?  
A corollary?  
An angle is two straight lines shaped like a piece of pie.  
A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.  
An axiom is anything the teacher has to use but can't prove.  
A corollary is a case of adding insult to injury.
- XIV. What is a good teacher?  
Any member of our Faculty is a good model.
- XV. How do you like giving an oration?  
Giving an oration is little difference from any other ordeal. If you haven't given yours yet, I won't scare you; if you have given it, I like it just as much as you did.
- XVI. What is Science?  
Science is an intricate conglomeration of bacteria, backbones, and back work.
- XVII. Who is the best pitcher in the National League?  
Why, the one who pitches the most no-hit games.

## *Junior Department*

**W**E'RE a class of wondrous workers, we're  
the ones who are not shirkers  
Of the serious, brave and social duties,  
ne'er so great before.

Here we'll tell you, never lacking in the things  
which we are backing,  
Of the things which we are doing—doing here  
within the door.

'Tis the purpose of this story and your patience we  
implore—

Only this and nothing more.

Found among our greatest treasures, are our lovely  
social pleasures.

Oh, the straw ride, Junior laden, revelled in as  
ne'er before;

In the gym were prom and dances, stately bows  
and dainty glances;

We enjoyed our every moment, as our finest  
clothes we wore,

Yes, we danced and ate till 'leven, as our finest  
clothes we wore—

Danced and ate and nothing more.

Our protectors, Gay and Wyman, in the rooms  
one-five, two-seven,

Both have tried to keep us busy and some know-  
ledge in us pour.

History, Physics, Math., and Spanish from our  
minds all follies banish.

And the German flag, our heroes bravely from the  
Deutsch wall tore,

Oh, the once loved German flag that did make our  
spirits sore!

Gone from here forevermore.

Football, track, and baseball called us to the  
honors that befall us;

Some as Venus and Apollo stately Roman gar-  
ments wore,

Of the tallest and the oldest, of the bravest and the  
boldest

To the farm and navy traveled as the heroes did of  
yore,

Brave and sturdy-sturdy heroes of the distant days  
of yore,

Our brave soldiers evermore.

Yet in spite of great attainments, sacrifices, enter-  
tainments,

Still we have not reached the summit by good  
pupils reached before;

"Like the Seniors," our ambition can be gained by  
no condition

'Till we've followed their example and have  
passed the Junior door.

And then we'll be the Seniors—yes, grave Seniors  
to the core—

Mighty Seniors evermore.

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN, '18.



## *The Block the Junior Built*

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**T**HIS is the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Lamb, Littler than a Dahl, that followed the Bohr, that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block that the Juniors built.

This is the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block that the Juniors built.

This is the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr

that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Silverman, Ritscher than Wright-ous, who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Taylor who lost his Behrins to fill McCann Fuller to give to the Silverman who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

Many more Ayers can be had for the Askin' of the deeds of the Juniors that lived with the Taylor who lost his Behrins to fill McCann Fuller to give to the Silverman who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

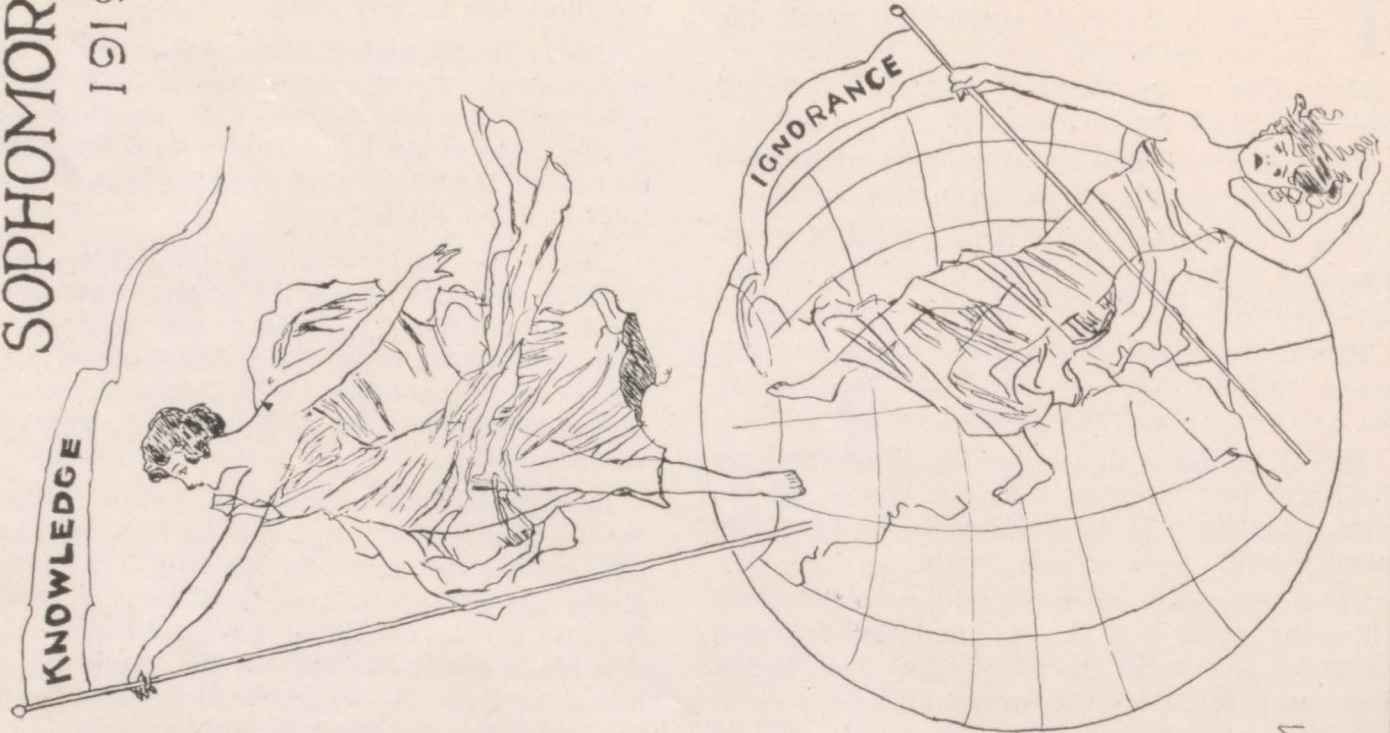
COMPOSITE BRAINS OF 1918.



*XA Department*

SOPHOMORE

1919



## *XB Department*

### *XB Alphabet*

A is Allegiance we pledge to our school;  
B is for Bloomfield, the place of its rule.  
C is for Cooking, of cake and of pie,  
D is for Drawing—it makes us all sigh.  
E's Elocution, with breathings and tones—  
F is Ben. Franklin, that causes our groans.  
G is for Gym, a rest for the brain,  
H is for the Honors we hope to attain.  
I is for Ink that is borrowed by all—  
J is for June—then vacation 'til fall.  
K stands for Knights, in our English they're met,  
L is the Latin, most interesting yet.  
M is for Music Miss Robinson teaches;  
N stands for Nonsense that's heard in our speeches.  
O is for Zero, a mark we ne'er merit—  
P is the Problem, whose myst'ries we ferret.  
Q is the Questions all teachers ask,  
R is home Reading that's set for our task.  
S is the Study we all of us do;  
T is for Teachers, who help us get thru'.  
U stands for Us, the great Class of '20,  
V is our Voices, you've heard them a-plenty.  
W's the Will we put forth in our Work;  
X is the Unknown, those won't find it who shirk.  
Y is for You, who are reading these rhymes;  
Z is the Zeppelins, the talk of our times.

1 derful records are we making here,  
9 teen twenty will always persevere:  
2 make our teachers happy we would ever try—  
0 nly please don't ask us this statement to deny.  
MILDRED STONE, XB.

### *The Process of Elimination*

TEN little Sophomores sitting in a line,  
One went to the office, then there were nine.  
Nine little Sophomores wished to know their  
fate,

One saw his Latin paper, then there were eight.  
Eight little Sophomores thinking they were eleven,  
One went to gardening, then there were seven.  
Seven little Sophomores trying marks to fix,  
One got caught, then there were six.  
Six little Sophomores went near a bee-hive,  
One got stung, then there were five.  
Five little Sophomores in the air did soar,  
One lost his balance, then there were four.  
Four little Sophomores sailing o'er the sea,  
Along came a submarine, then there were three.  
Three little Sophomores in an awful stew,  
One spoke his mind, then there were two.  
Two little Sophomores thought they'd have some  
fun,  
One went too far, then there was one.  
One little Sophomore started on a run,  
The Bogey man got after him, then there were  
none.

MARTHA PECK, XB.



## *IXA Department*

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### *Ode to Our Warriors*

**W**HERE is our team of yesterday,  
The champs of Basketball,  
Who fought so well to win the fight?  
You've answered a higher call!

Your country needs you badly,  
Whether on the farm or sea,  
You're just as patriotic,  
And you all went willingly!

We're glad we watched you struggle  
As you played with all your might,  
For now we know what you can do,  
And the way to win is—fight!

There are many ways of fighting,  
As you all, of course, must know;  
And a way which is not easy,  
Is the one behind the hoe!

But just scatter with your shovel,  
All the things that look like weeds,  
And before so many months have passed,  
You'll have filled your country's needs.

Just work with all your might and main,  
And you'll find when potatoes are dug,  
That *one* enemy you have conquered—  
That *old potato* bug!

RUTH COLLINS, IXA.

### *The Freshman A*

Sailing in the ship Success,  
Out upon the sea Distress,  
Is the Freshman A.  
Gliding over waves of Life,  
From the land of Toil and Strife,  
To Posterity.

ANDREW WOLFE, IXA.



## IXB Department

### *Our First Day in High School*

ONE day in February, 1917, which was a memorable day to all of us, several groups of jolly girls were assembled in the halls of this wonderful High School building, talking—probably—foolishness unless a senior, junior, sophomore, or any *distinguished* person came along; then it was usually Math, or maybe Latin, until the shadow had passed. What a menace to our usual cheerfulness those people were, when they looked at our red ties and hair ribbons and said, "Those Freshmen." Then we would probably glance at our ornaments and consider them, after all, rather babyish; possibly some of us resolved never to wear them again.

The bells that day were terribly tiresome, for they didn't come far enough apart in some cases, in others, too far. Some of our scholars were reciting to the best of their ability, others—well, we'll lay it to the excitement. When noon came and we looked across at those insignificant Park Grammar pupils, it certainly was hard to believe that *we* had once been among their number. It was considered (by our friends across the way) a great privilege to walk with us, for were we not in High School? In the afternoon, after all lessons were finished, groans could be heard coming from the third floor, such as: "I'll *never* be able to pass my math," "Isn't the homework terrible?" "Will I never stop using *ands* in English Class?" On the other hand from those who had fared well, "High School's not half as bad as I expected it to be."

F. TEALL, IXB.

### *A Freshman's Brain Storm*

OF all the muddles since February first  
This one is certainly the very worst,  
For to write a poem to suit the committee  
I should have to be exceedingly witty.

I can't make words rhyme, for I've tried and tried  
Until my inspiration has almost died;  
I had nearly decided to write a song,  
But now I fear it may all go wrong.

They say the Freshmen's brains are crude,  
A statement I consider rude;  
For when it comes right down to facts,  
Fame comes from both our brains and acts.

For have we not an author bright  
Who told a truant's tale one night?  
And have we not an athlete strong  
Who made the Senior's record wrong?

ESTER BASSETT, IXB.

# ATHLETICS









# Football

ON account of the late opening of school, the football team was able to play but six games instead of the usual eight or nine of regular seasons. In spite of this handicap, our coach developed one of the best teams in this vicinity. After defeating Central and Orange in the first two games we were ready to play the big game of the season with East Side. This time we fully avenged the defeat of the year before by winning, with the overwhelming score of 32 to 6. The next game was a catastrophe for Bloomfield. We were outweighed by the heavy St. Benedict's team and several of our men were injured in the fray. Buttinghausen, the quarterback, suffered a broken collar bone, and was out for the rest of the season. The Dover game was easily won, Bloomfield having possession of the ball for nearly the entire game. The Ridgewood game was closely contested

and we often threatened to cross our opponents' goal line.

The regulars who will be here next year are: Capt. James, Collins, Loppacker, Wolfe, Littler, and Buttinghausen.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Bloomfield</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Oct. 17—Central	13	0
Oct. 20—Orange	13	3
Oct. 28—East Side	32	6
Nov. 7—St. Benedict's	14	25
Nov. 10—Dover	20	0
Nov. 25—Ridgewood	0	6

P. G. CUNNING, MGR.





# Basketball

## Boys' Basketball

THE basketball season was generally voted a success. We won all but one of our 17 games, losing to Ridgewood by a score of 37 to 41. The two Glen Ridge contests were hard fought, and the cheering was a feature of them. The last game was in doubt until the whistle blew at the close. Those who received their B's were Capt. Kyte, McCroddan, Lambert, Berdan, Walker, Buttinghausen, James, and Mgr. Baldwin. Buttinghausen, Capt.-elect, was chosen for the New Jersey all-scholastic team.

		B. H. S.	Opp.
Jan. 13	Ridgewood ..... Home	35	29
Jan. 17	Harrison ..... Home	43	7
Jan. 19	Montclair Normal ..... Home	42	13
Jan. 24	Open.		
Jan. 26	Morristown ..... Away	39	23
Jan. 29	Open.		
Feb. 3	Hanover ..... Home	49	6
Feb. 7	Nutley ..... Away	35	18
Feb. 9	Belleville ..... Away	40	30
Feb. 14	West Hoboken ..... Home	31	26
Feb. 16	South Orange ..... Home	45	29
Feb. 21	Glen Ridge (Night) ..... Home	44	26
Feb. 24	Ridgewood ..... Away	37	41
Feb. 27	East Side ..... Home	32	15
Mar. 2	Nutley ..... Home	42	9
Mar. 5	North Plainfield ..... Home	41	18
Mar. 9	East Side ..... Away	27	10
Mar. 14	South Orange ..... Away	26	19
Mar. 16	Glen Ridge (Night) ..... Away	24	21

JAMES KYTE, Capt.

## Girls' Basketball

Miss Russell, Coach    Josephine Bouton, Manager

Grace Fismer, Captain

The line-up for this year was as follows: Forwards, Briseis Teall, Evelyn Noble; Guards, Elizabeth Lambert, Madge Wightman; Center, Grace Fismer; Side Center, Ruth Thomas.

The schedule for 1916-17:

	B. H. S.	Opp.
North Plainfield, at home.....	9	10
Orange, at home .....	7	17
Rutherford, away .....	18	9
Nutley, away .....	28	13
Glen Ridge, at home.....	23	11
Plainfield, away .....	4	24
Rutherford, at home .....	17	2
Plainfield, at home .....	3	15
Orange, away .....	7	17
Nutley, at home .....	22	8
Glen Ridge, away .....	16	14

GRACE FISMER, Capt.





## *Inter-class*

### *1916 Girls' Class Team 1917*

“**A**ctions speak louder than words” is a well known maxim. However, since the public at large cannot know of the actions of the 1917 class team without words, a few of the latter will not be out of place.

In our Freshman year, the team created quite a sensation by winning both the Sophomore and Junior games. The Junior score was 14-13, and the Senior loss was not so great as to disgrace us. During Sophomore year there were no girls' inter-class games, but Junior and Senior years were “grand slams” for 1917 since we won all our games of those two years. Perhaps one reason for this success is that four members of the team have also been members of the school team for three years.

The cup, which was put up by the Faculty in 1916, has been in the possession of the Class of '17 ever since. Our one regret is that it was not up one year sooner, since it has to be won three years in succession by the same class before that class can keep it. This has added much interest and enthusiasm to the games, and this year, especially, class spirit showed up strongly.

G. Fismer was captain in Freshman year, and B. Teall in Junior year. The line-up this year was as follows: G. Fismer, E. Thompson, F. Cleland, E. Lambert, B. Teall, E. Noble.

E. NOBLE, Captain.

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### *1916 Boys' Class Team 1917*

As usual the Class of 1917 won the basketball interclass series. Their team was composed of practically all varsity men and went through the season without losing a game.

The Juniors finished second, followed by the Freshmen and Sophomores.

The Senior line-up:

E. Bell, Capt.,  
J. Kyte,  
D. McCroddan,  
H. Saile,  
F. Berdan,  
C. Walker.

E. BELL, Capt.





## *Track Team*

**T**HIS year's team was composed of about twelve fellows who practiced regularly and put forth their best efforts. Since none of the runners had any previous training for cross-country, and the team was handicapped by the lack of a coach, the results did not compare very favorably with those of previous teams.

At Passaic on November 26, with two men missing, Bloomfield ran a hard race in the triangular meet and tied Passaic for first place. East Rutherford's score did not count.

A week later Bloomfield journeyed to Passaic again to compete for the trophy, a silver cup; only the same men who ran in the first race were qualified to run in the second. Bloomfield won the race by the score of 16-20. Randall, Felton, Keohane and Wright finished first, third, fourth, and eighth respectively.

Earlier in the season B. H. S. finished third in the triangular meet with Barringer and De Witt Clinton. In the Columbia meet the team was far down on the list when the scores were tabulated.

East Side High School won a victory over Bloomfield on our course. Randall finished first, Felton eighth, and Cox ninth.

The team will have practically the same fellows next year and it is the sincere hope of the track team that it may have a coach, so that Bloomfield may again come to be recognized as a leader in track activities.

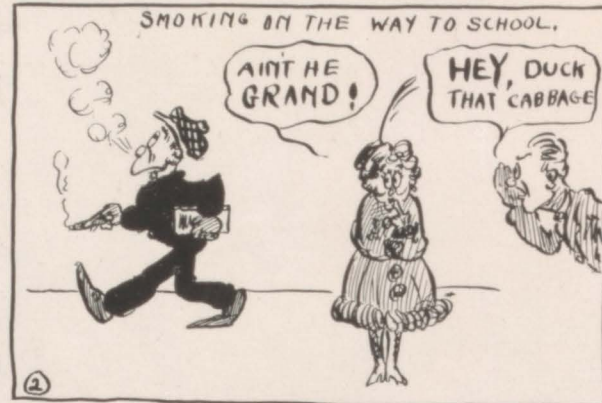
Winners of the "B": Capt. Felton, Randall, Dougherty, Allen, Wright, Weinsiemer, Martin, Keohane and Cox. Martin was elected captain.

W. H. COX, Manager.





# FOUR WAYS TO LEAVE SCHOOL.



## *The Latin Club*

<i>President</i> .....	Josephine Bouton,	'17
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Edmund Vogelius,	'18
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Jean Saville,	'17
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Dorothy Lawrence.	'18

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### *"Ubi Mel Ibi Apes"*

THE Latin Club entered upon its tenth year with the intention of making it the best and most successful year of its life. Early in October the first meeting was held at which officers were elected and the meetings planned for the year.

As it was our intention and desire to present a statute to the school, a benefit performance of "Quo Vadis" was given at the New Empire Theater on December first. This was a great success because of the splendid co-operation of the whole school in the selling of tickets.

At the monthly meetings interesting papers and talks were given pertaining to the different phases of Roman life. These were followed by a social hour during which games were played and toothsome dainties enjoyed.

The important social event of the season was the Latin Club dinner, which was given on the twentieth of April. Many of the faculty together with Latin Club members and their guests gathered around the long table in the main corridor. The table decorations were Roman purple and gold interspersed with the Stars and Stripes. After the dinner the guests adjourned to the dining room where they participated in Roman games.

The statue of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, which was presented to the school on May eighth, added the finishing touch to the assembly room, already beautified by former gifts of the Club. As in previous years, the Club feels its success due to the earnest efforts of its Honorary President, Miss Maude C. Gay.

EVA THOMPSON, '17.





## *Choral Class and Orchestra*

*Musical Director*.....Miss Lulu Robinson

### OFFICERS

*President* ..... Floyd Berdan

*Vice-President* ..... Marion Haskell

*Secretary* ..... Josephine Bouton

*Treasurer* ..... Frank Christie

*Librarian* ..... Kenneth Ritscher

Nineteen hundred and seventeen has seen both these organizations advanced many spaces up the scale of success. A splendid showing of school spirit has made this possible.

The first big event of the season was a bacon bat which took place in Davey's Woods one evening in October. When all refreshments had disappeared, the members sat around the fire and sang almost every song that has ever been written.

The Choral Class has worked enthusiastically at the Wednesday afternoon meetings. The Class has twice appeared in Assembly, and by the time this "Annual" is printed will have sung at the Memorial Day exercises on May thirtieth. The Double Quartettes of Male and Mixed voices are an important department of the Choral Class.

Every Friday morning the Orchestra has come out in full force for rehearsal. It has held together well and has done considerable extra work. The members have shown themselves willing to perform when asked to do so. With the greater

variety of instruments which we are expecting from the coming classes, the Orchestra's future will be very bright.

The Ninth Annual Concert which was given on March twenty-third was followed by a dance. It was a great success. A large attendance enabled us to give one hundred dollars and fifty cents to the A. A.

The Choral Class and Orchestra have instituted a new departure in the social affairs of B. H. S. Twice we have given an afternoon dance in the gym. All who went had a good time and hope that everyone may enjoy the same privilege next year.

Any success that these organizations have had this year has been due to the patience and zeal of Miss Lulu Robinson. It is through her efforts that all these activities have taken place.

May the Choral Class and Orchestra always have such a happy share of the work and fun in B. H. S.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON, Sec.



# Who's Who in B. H. S.

*(Initial Indication)*

General Manager  
Ever Looks Diginified  
Efficiently Judges Latin  
Reviews Lost Monarchies  
Multiplicat et Dividit  
Exercises Classes Rigorously  
Often Multiplies Time  
After Many Stories  
Art's Perfect Teacher  
Can't Look Cross  
Especially Recommends Painting  
Frequently Analyzes Drama  
Judges Pupils' Hypotheses  
Grammar Critic  
Manages Collecting Goddesses  
Our Renowned Scientist  
Often Judges Watts  
Watches Every Movement

Has Real Kindness  
Ever Stands Straight  
Cooks Everything Satisfactorily  
Always Fraternally Kind  
Works Like Forty  
Heurense Reine  
Forever Lectures Algebra  
Jots Every Word  
Commends Darwin's Lingo  
Assumes Divers Characters  
Agriculturist and Painter  
Saws Every Morning  
Kindly Corrects  
Excellent Scribe  
Likes Lilting Roundelays  
Exceptionally Happy Worker  
Jolly, Sanguine Stranger

XB. COMPOSITE.

## *Faculty Department*

### *Don'ts for the Teachers*

1. Don't keep pupils after school. It wastes your time and has no effect upon them.
2. Never call upon a pupil who hasn't prepared his lesson. You get no results and only cause him needless embarrassment.
3. Don't offer sarcastic advice to a pupil. He might follow it.
4. Never let more than two friends sit together in study hall. A third interrupts conversation.
5. Don't flunk the pupils. Red ink spoils the looks of a report.
6. Don't smile upon the pupils every morning as if you were glad to see them. They are well versed in the art of deception.
7. Don't think you've discovered a funny joke just because the pupils laugh at it. They'd laugh at anything if they thought it would raise their marks.

V. GILSON, '17.

### *Ballad of the Quavering Quartet*

(Sung at Latin Club Dinner, April 20, 1917.)

- A stands for Andrus so tall and so staid,  
Of him the poor pupils are awfully (?) afraid.  
C is for Crosby and Crissey, Carruth,  
Three very fine teachers, we like them forsooth!  
D Draper our principal so gentle but firm,  
And Davidson and Dickerson the "freshies" concern.  
F is for Foley and Faculty, too,  
We love them, we love them, oh yes, yes, we do!  
G is for Miss Gay, whose best friends are books,  
H is for Haupin, who's proud of his looks.

- K is for Koehlers, two stalwart young men,  
They make so much racket, you'd think they were ten!  
L is for Lawrence, the King of the Greeks,  
Oh, no, I'm mistaken, it's Latin he speaks!  
L is for Long, oh long, long ago,  
We once had a Long, but oh where did he go?  
M is for Morris and Marsden, please stop!  
If we take any more we most surely will drop.  
But along came friend Morton and also friend Matz,  
He doesn't like the girls, 'cause he thinks they are—bats.  
P is Miss Palmer so stately and tall,  
R is Miss Russell who plays basketball.  
And also Miss Rawson and Robinson, they  
Are two little blondes with their sweet little way.  
S is Miss Ann Smith, Woolley's best friend we know,  
It's Woolley, oh Woolley, wherever we go!  
Miss E. Smith and Stevens our troubles consume,  
But Miss Schaufler inhabits our favorite room.  
S is for Smiley with black glossy curls,  
And S is for Stover, who likes little girls.  
T for Miss Terhune, a good-natured feller,  
W is for Walrath and Miss Jennie Weller,  
And it's also for Wyman, our teacher supreme,  
"Uebersetzen Sie bitte," oh, how she does beam!  
Z is for Zeidler, we like him, we do,  
And as for these jingles we'll leave them to you!  
J. EGAN, '17.



## Still at Their Old Tricks

**A**NTHONY C. ZACHAREVICH sat comfortably in a Morris chair with a Peck of Asburys at his side and his feet resting on one of the beautiful Matz (mats) which surrounded the chair. He was reading a Balla(r)d of a Cunning pirate ship which had sailed from the Murdock on Cleland and was skimming over the Crissey (sea) with its huge Saile outspread to the wind. There was a plentiful Suplee (supply) of Teall and Fish in the larder and the ship's Cook and Baker anticipated no food shortage.

Everything was going splendidly and all hands were happy, until one day the sailors saw that the ship was Hedden toward a huge Stone. Excitement ran high and the seamen ran to and fro.

Just at this point someone rang the Bell and Zach changed his Gay and Smiley expression for one of Wal-rath. He was as mad as a Cros-by (bee).

His old classmate Sid Koppel bounded into the room and demanded Zach to tell him what the

noise was over in the Wood.

Zach made a Noble effort to calm the young man, and then asked him why he was so excited. "Wyman, what's the trouble? Did someone Raab you?"

"No, no," said Sid still panting, "Papa sent me on a pressing engagement, and as I neared the Wood I heard a rumble and saw colored Bells and Kytes flying in the air and oh!—I was frightened and I thought that I would run up here to see what you knew about it."

"Oh!" replied Zach, "so that's the matter. Well, that's nothing. It's only that chemical firm of Asbury and Cox, Incorporated, trying out some original experiments in their shack in the Wood. They used to do it in school but now they do it on a larger scale."

"Well," said Sid, "now I am relieved. I guess I will go. Good night, Zach."

"Good night, Sid. Be good."

Zach resumed his story.

WILBUR COX, '17.

## Humor Department

One day Jack Taylor came to school with his face swollen on the left side.

Teacher: Mr. Taylor, you may put what you are eating in the basket.

Jack: I can't. I've got a sore tooth.

Saile (sotto voice): You might know he wasn't eating anything. The lump is on the wrong side.  
\* \* \*

Teacher: Write on one side of the paper *only*.

Pupil: What shall we write on the other side?  
\* \* \*

Found! on a Senior examination paper, the following definition of a tree: "A tree is a stalk of wood in front or in the back of a house used for many purposes, as shade, bearing leaves in the summer and shedding them in the fall."  
\* \* \*

Science Teacher: What is bark?

Pupil: An exclamatory noise made by a dog.  
\* \* \*

Senior: Wanna buy an annual? Only fifty cents.

Freshie: Gosh, if Fords were sold at 2 for 5, I wouldn't have enough money to buy a nut.  
\* \* \*

### IN SENIOR LATIN PROSE CLASS

The lesson was on writing dates in Latin.

Miss Gay, giving out sentences: Were you born

on the first of April?—Mr. Cox.

Tibby: "Tee hee! April fool."  
\* \* \*

### PERSONAL VENGEANCE HERE

Mr. Stover: What do they grow cactus plants for?

Clever Student: Revenge!

Side Remark: Kelly, dust off the electric chair.  
\* \* \*

Put the proper form of flee in the following sentence: John has —— and has taken his horse with him.

Christie (sotto voice): Flees.  
\* \* \*

Teacher: How can we eliminate "ands" from our conversation?

S.: Use commas.  
\* \* \*

Miss Smith: What makes you think you need a comma there?

Dominie: Comma sense.  
\* \* \*

### EXTRACT FROM A SENIOR ORATION

"Swimming changes weak boys into strong men and women."  
\* \* \*



## *Humor Department* (Continued)

These words followed each other in a spelling lesson: perspiration, pneumonia, operation, disease. Next!

### IN MATH CLASS

Miss Draper: Go to the figure and draw the board.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN A FRESHMAN AND A SENIOR

Freshman: I stood up for you the other day.

Senior: How was that?

Freshman: Well, some juniors said that you were not fit to associate with pigs, and I said you were.

Mr. Foley (cutting potatoes): What do you do when the eyes don't show?

Miss Draper: Give the potatoes an eye-opener.

Mr. Haupin: I'm going to give you a test soon. I won't tell you when. It will be either Monday or Tuesday, but it won't be Monday.

Mr. Crosby: If you want to fool in here, go outside.

### IN LAW CLASS

Talking about Drafts.

Teacher: Payable at six days on sight.

Bright Stude: What if the man is blind?

Teacher: What are some destructive animals?

Br. St.: Lice.

Teacher: People always think of the things nearest their brains.

Prof.: What three words do the students use the most?

Stud.: I don't know.

Prof.: Correct.

### THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Good report cards.

Short lessons.

100 per cent. in Latin.

Teacher: —and what is rarer than a day in June?  
The bright pupil: The 29th of February.

### THE REASON

Teacher: Alas, youth, you are better fed than taught.

Stud.: That's right. You teach me, but I feed myself.

### HE WAS RIGHT

Fresh: I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes lately.

Senior: You're right, if that's one of them. Cut it out.

## Compliments of the Boys

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PINK McCRODDAN  
CHICK SAILE  
FAT RANDALL  
SAM BUDAHAZY  
JACK JOHNSON  
JIM KYTE  
HANK WALKER  
TED HEDDEN  
JERRY RICHNER  
HANK WITTEBERG  
BERGER  
HUNKLE RAEMSCH  
RAI TROWN  
JACK ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH  
BOB MARONEY  
KED THOMAS  
NAT BOWEN  
PHIL WEINSEIMER  
ADOLPH BUTTS  
WORMS ROWLAND  
FAT FISH  
SPLINTER BOUCHER  
HERB. SUPLEE  
DUTCH AMELUNG  
JIM EVERETT  
JUNE HAWTHORNE  
HOP. HOPPER

SPINACH SPINNING  
CATNIP CATLIN  
JACK KEOHANE  
MIKE HARRISON  
TED LAMBERT  
OILER BELL  
FLO BERDAN  
ART KING  
WOOS WOLFE  
CHIPPIE WALKER  
SOUP  
KEN GILSON  
SKY THOMPSON  
KEN RITSCHER  
DAVE COLLINS  
PEST JONES  
SKINNY SAVILLE  
COXIE  
SID KOPPEL  
LEGS PRATT  
BOB FRANCK  
COACH FOLEY  
ED VOGELIUS  
STEVE GILSON  
PERRY LOESCH  
JIM BALDWIN  
E. DOUGHERTY

BENNY ASBURY  
PAT CUNNING  
FIREMAN DAVIS  
JOE MCCARTHY  
MIDGE ALLEN  
BOB TAYLOR  
ZOWIE HEPBURN  
DOC. MARTINE  
SHATS GEIB  
COSINE AULT  
WALLIE JORDAN  
EDDIE ALLEN  
OREGON LITTLER  
GERMANY WINKLER  
KID ROLOFF  
MICKY GARLOCK  
MORT SMITH  
SPIKE EDLAND  
RISSLER  
SHRIMP KOCH  
GROSSIE  
BUZZER  
FRANK CHRISTIE  
CHENEY  
GEORGE B. McCANN  
SHRIMP WINKLER  
HOWARD CLARK



HATLESS SALINGER  
 WINDY PETE FELTONIES  
 KAISER LOPPACKER  
 DOUG HOLMES  
 BUMP HARRISON  
 KID CHRISTIE  
 DARCY JAMES  
 MAC MCCARTHY  
 MAC McMILLAN  
 JACK SICCANDI  
 SLIM BROWN

NUTTIE MINGLE  
 COW WILHOFT  
 MIDGET LOPPACKER  
 LOUD GRENGER  
 F. DE MOYNE  
 MAC MAGUIRE  
 HAM LINDSAY  
 DUTCH OSMUN  
 KATS WORTHINGTON  
 SKINNEY ASKIN  
 BOB GARLOCK

BILL CALDWELL  
 PEP KROHN  
 JOHN BOLTON  
 KEN BALL  
 PINS WRIGHT  
 SKINNEY SIMMONS  
 FRANK MITCHELL  
 BOB ROLOFF  
 ONIONS JOLLIFFE  
 MONK WRIGHT

## Compliments of the Girls

MYRT CHARLES  
 DODY BOUTON  
 TIBBY THOMPSON  
 SHRIMP NOBLE  
 GIN. GILSON  
 PRI TEALL  
 TICEY  
 TED WOOD  
 JEAN BEVENS  
 KID HASKELL  
 PEG BALLARD  
 DORIS KING  
 HELEN MAE COGAN  
 E. DURR  
 ELIZABETH LAMBERT  
 EDITH COX  
 SIS BERDAN  
 MILDRED SCHOONMAKER  
 ELIZABETH JOHNSON

TODDIE VAN HOUTEN  
 KATE SCHWALM  
 JESS EGAN  
 FLO CLELAND  
 DOT HIGGINS  
 PEG EDWARDS  
 PETE COWAN  
 MIL INGOLLS  
 ELSIE McCAFFERTY  
 FLO ASHBEY  
 WINNIE VOGELIUS  
 JOE HILDEBRANDT  
 BETTY DEMAREST  
 DOT CORLE  
 PEG TRASK  
 GINNIE GALE  
 POLLY RLEECKER  
 BALDIE BALDWIN  
 STEPHEN MORRIS  
 GAIL WALKER

HELEN STEVENS } Heavenly  
 ESTELLE SEIBERT } Twins  
 SIMMIE SIMMONS  
 GRASSIE GREEN  
 PEGGY WESSELS  
 KAT RAEMSCH  
 MOLLY PRATT  
 BABE DECKER  
 BETTY BAKER  
 MIDGE DOUGHERTY  
 MABE WHIGAM  
 KID OWEN  
 ELIZABETH HATEMAN  
 MARIE RAAB  
 RENE PALLISER  
 JOE BILL  
 CHUTIE COLLINS  
 CHUBBY FEAKINS  
 SHORTIE CARLE  
 FRANCES WELTE

## *Senior Primer*

A is for Allan, a smart lad is he.  
B is for Briseis as bright as can be.  
C is for Coxie, a Chemistry star.  
D is for Dean, sailing afar.  
E is for Evelyn, in Gym she is swell.  
F is for Frances, who looks very well  
G is for George, whose art we adore.  
H is for Hazel, pretty dresses she wore.  
I is for Irene, who at cooking is great.  
J is for Josie, who comes very late.  
K is the knocks we receive in school.  
L is for Lambert who tats against the rule.  
M is for Marianne, a commercial is she.  
N is for Navy boys, going to sea.  
O is for Oration, that's hated by all,  
P is for Perry, who's not very tall.  
Q is for Questions, the teachers all ask,  
R is for Robert, who makes farming his task.  
S is for Schoonmaker, who lives on a farm.  
T is for Ticie, who never does harm.  
U is for Union that brings us all home,  
V is Virginia, whose mind does not roam.  
W is for Walkers, two lads don't you see,  
X is the unknown, I'm sure we'll agree.  
Y is the question propounded by Freshmen,  
Z is Zacharevich, say it like "catch 'em."

LURA VAN TASSEL, '17.



## *School Song*

**C**OME and sing, all ye Bloomfield boys and girls,  
Come and give a rousing cheer!  
Join our line as we march along so fine  
With hearts that have no fear.  
Forward led 'neath the gray and the red  
We will march in bold array.  
So let everybody shout and sing,  
For this is old Bloomfield's day!

### *Chorus*

Cheer for old Bloomfield, Bloomfield must win!  
Fight to the finish, never give in!  
All play your best, boys, we'll do the rest, boys,  
Fight for the victory!

True we stand to our Alma Mater grand,  
Loyal children, one and all.  
Firm and leal, our hearts as true as steel,  
Faithful to her every call.  
Long may wave over all her children brave  
Her banner, proud and gay.  
So let cheer on cheer ring out on the air,  
For this is old Bloomfield's day!

## *The Senior Class*

**S** is for Seniors whose virtues I tell  
**E** is for Excellence suiting them well,  
**N** is for Nonsense for which they don't care,  
**I** is for Ignorance never found there,  
**O** is Orations which cause many sighs,  
**R** is for Reasoning which makes them so wise.

**C** is Class spirit the aim of each one,  
**L** is for Lessons that always are done,  
**A** is Ability ever at hand,  
**S** is for Service each renders his land,  
**S** is their Sense of superior brand.

V. GILSON, '17.

## *School Yell*

**R**IP! Zip! Wah! Hoo!  
We're the people,  
Who are you?  
Fe, Fo, Fie, Fo, Fe Fo, Fum!  
Boom! Get a cat trap,  
Bigger than a rat trap;  
Boom! Boom!  
Cannibal!  
Sis! Boom! Ah!  
Bloomfield High School!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## Cross Word Puzzle

---

I am in **F**ish, but not in meat;  
I am in **R**ye, but not in wheat;  
I am in **E**uchre, but not in whist;  
I am in **S**ample, but not in example;  
I am in **H**ouse, but not in flat;  
I am in **M**ath, but not in trig;  
I am in **A**rt, but not in shop;  
I am in **N**orth, but not in south.  
Who am I? Freshman.

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### On the Completion of Our Course in Math.

Our feelings as we *complete the square* of our course in Math. are almost beyond *expression*. Our sorrow is without *limit* but our relief stretches out to *infinity*. We leave the charmed *circle* with our *reasoning powers* strengthened by a *series of progressions* into the realm of Pythagorus and Euclid.

Now that the study of Math, has ceased to be a *factor* in our lives, we go off on a *tangent* to *solve* the *extremely variable* problem of success. We shall *constantly* have to tackle *propositions* which will *test* our *means* of perceiving the *difference* between *possible* and *impossible* undertakings, but we have *formulated* this *axiom*—Be *square* and the *result* can't help but be *equal* to your expectations. The *solution* of all your troubles depends upon your *altitude*.

The *sum* and substance of this effusion is the unalterable *conclusion* that it is *positively* ab-surd.

VIRGINIA GILSON, '17.

## Class Song of 1917

**F**OUR years back into High School came a class  
Whose name was nineteen-seventeen,  
Right away you could see there were good  
workers

In this nineteen-seventeen.  
Into every club and team about  
They did quickly fly.  
All the teachers thought there was no doubt  
That they were the best in High. Hi!

### Chorus

Come every one of you with us and cheer  
For Bloomfield High.  
We think it's just the very nicest school  
Underneath the sky.  
We've been very happy here,  
But we must say good-bye;  
So come every one of you with us and cheer  
For Bloomfield High.

Senior year found us just as full of fun  
In this great nineteen-seventeen;  
Now we're glad our diplomas we have won  
In famous nineteen-seventeen.  
For we want to help the world along,  
Where'er we may roam;  
And we're going to do our very best  
At the farm and sea and home. Hi!



## *Adapted Plays*

### SPECIAL FEATURES—1917

The Man Who Came Back—Noisy Davis  
You're In Love—Mabel Chance  
Out There—On the Farm  
Oh, Boy—Ticey's pet expression  
The Brat—Dody Bouton  
Nothing But the Truth—Miss Draper's motto  
Come Out of the Kitchen—Irene Palliser  
The Eternal Grind—Homework  
The Wanderer—Raymond Taylor  
Just Wonderful—Our Senior Class  
The Great Lover—Floyd Berdan  
Within the Law—Miss Draper's Office  
Love O'Mike—Tibby Thompson  
The Very Minute—Mounting the Steps for Your Senior Oration  
Our Betters—The Faculty  
Pals First—Fismer and Noble Co.  
When Johnny Comes Marching Home—With an Average of 48 in Math.

## *Automobile Definitions*

### *Not Personal*

Streamline body—L. Walker.  
Super Six—C. Walker and his "6 ft. 2".  
Wheels—Palliser, who is continually running around.

Tires—Goggin, who never gets enough sleep.

Carburetor—Berdan, a good Mixer.

Magneto—Bouton, full of life.

Cas—Davis, always there with a story.

Crank—Half of the faculty? (Editor's insert: Why half?)

Self Starter—Gilson, always starting something.

Brake—McCroddan in Math class.

Top—Geib, who tops our Chem. class.

Windshield—Saile, who stops all the stories that are shot at him.

Steering Gear—Cunning, he steered our class this year.

Bumper—Zack, who stood a lot of hard knocks.

Radiator—Kyte, who drinks more water than a camel.

## *News from the Farm*

Jack Taylor has been assigned to picking potatoes. Well, he won't have far to bend.

The Walkers anticipate backaches from bending over to pick apples.

They didn't have a bed for Frank Christie, but he didn't worry. He slept in the rain pipe.

Hepburn, the farmer that isn't a farmer, got the measles rather than go to Bernardsville. I don't blame him.

## *"The Isle of Opal Mist"*

**L**ONG, long ago when fairies ruled  
This good old world of ours,  
There was a quarrel, I fain must tell,  
Among the fairy powers.

Some fairy dwarf bethought himself  
That *he* should be the king.  
The fairies laughed in wonderment—  
They'd never heard of such a thing.

So when the dwarf explained himself,  
The fairies laughed with glee,  
And danced about in a tumbled ring,  
For each thought *he'd* be king.

And when the inky black of night  
Enveloped fairyland,  
The moon came out, and with mystic charm  
Laughed, at the Fairy Band.

The twinkling stars' mischievous light,  
Shone down on the fairies' throne,  
For there the fairies gathered now,  
Each dryad and nymph and gnome.

And each his separate reason gave,  
Why *he* should be the king,  
But each with t'other could not agree,  
So they fell to quarrelling.

And I blush to tell this grown-up world,  
What a fight those fairies had  
With peas for shots, and sticks for swords,  
They fought, each man to man.

Then in the midst of the battle's din,  
When shots flew thick and fast,  
A great loud voice came through the trees,  
Ah, 'tis come at last!"

So then, upon the fairy scene,  
Valda, the giant-king came,  
And, raising his monstrous heavy arm,  
Cried, "Stop this bloody game!"

They dropped their guns, and swords, and stood,  
In a shaking, trembling row,  
Oh, what would this monster do to them,  
Who saw them quarrelling so?



The gaint-king spoke in a great, deep voice:  
"You fairies have quarrelled, I see,  
So for punishment, you'll go to another land,  
Far above the foamy sea!"

And so he gathered the fairies all,  
And ere the dawn of day,  
He shipped them all to the moon, you know,  
At least, that's what people say.

With the hush that came with the rosy dawn,  
The violet, the fairies missed,  
But the rose said they had been sent away,  
To the Isle of Opal Mist.

The pale green waves along the shore,  
All foamy and sun-kissed,  
Flash rainbow colors and yellow gold,  
On the Isle of Opal Mist.

The marsh-grass waves in the balmy breeze,  
Murmuring songs as the pine tree does,  
And 'tis known by those who never knew,  
As the Island That Never Was.

But those who say that it never was,  
Do not know of what dreams consist,  
For far away on the mystic moon,  
Lies the Isle of Opal Mist.

So when you're drowsing off at night,  
And hear from the shadowed sky,  
Childlike laughter, and weird, sad songs,  
You'll know 'tis the fairies' cry.

And when we sleep, they come flying down,  
And dance like a will-o-the-wisp,  
But ere dawn breaks, they must go back  
To their Isle of Opal Mist.

So when you hear queer sounds at night,  
And to strange sighing list,  
Just think 'tis the fairies on the golden moon,  
On the Isle of Opal Mist.

By JESSIE EGAN.

---

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### *The Martyr*

**H**E lay there, half-unconscious,  
His face turned to the ground.  
Then turned and rose with shaking form,  
As people gathered 'round.

He waved aside the doctors,  
Then tragically he posed:  
"I want to make a speech, dear friends,  
Before my life is closed."

"I used to be an agent  
For an auto that's well known;  
And I want to warn you people  
Before evil seeds are sown."

"I'm all tattered, torn and bruised,  
As though cut up with a sword;  
Consequently I shall warn you,  
Do not travel in a—Pierce-Arrow."

J. SAVILLE,

*From The Optimist, 1915-16.*

### *From Poor Junior's Almanac*

1915-1916

**M**ORE headaches come from not thinking  
than from thinking.  
To produce a work of art you must first  
master the art of work.

You will make a reputation, not by a single great  
action, but by a long succession of little useful ones.

The rain that kept you from school is no wetter  
than that which soaked you at the ball game.

Don't keep your noble thoughts for tomorrow's  
poem; put them into today's prose.

If a man does not keep step with his companions,  
it may be that he hears a different drummer.

Don't be a bore. Ride your hobby in the back  
yard.

FRANK CHRISTIE.



## *The Secrets of Success Among Sportsmen*

(Special interviews granted to Reporter on the  
*Optimist*)

### THE TENNIS CHAMPION

THE reporter approached the newly acclaimed tennis champion.

"Tell me," the writer begged, "how did you secure the perfection of your stunning delivery; the astounding speed and accuracy of your service?"

"Well," replied the champ modestly, "through killing flies. When I was a youngster I used to receive two cents a hundred for their corpses. I became so expert that I could kill 'em with either hand, flying or standinfg still."

The champion went on to say that his business was ruined by a rival who circulated the rumor that our hero went the rounds of spiders' webs, robbing them of their hard-earned meals to sell as the fruits of his labor. This, he declared, was grossly untrue.

### THE GOLFER

The golf champion laid aside his clubs and listened politely to the reporter.

"How did I become so accurate and strong?" said he, "I'll tell you: I never intended to take up golf. My desire was to be an artist. After some study I was able to do fairly acceptable oils. But I had a little dog who loved to walk through my colors and then over my paintings. It became necessary for me to keep a cane handy with which to hit him to dissuade him from his course. I got so clever at clouting Towser that one day after a splendid drive, I buried the poor beastie and took up golf."

The champion wiped away a tear and retired from the links.

D. LINDSAY,

From *The Optimist*, 1915-16.



ROBERT TAYLOR

Robert had a little Lamb,  
Her voice was soft and low,  
And every where that Robert went,  
With him the Lamb did go.

THE WALKERS

These boys are surely tall and lanky,  
But they're never, never cranky;  
Girls as friends they've not desired  
Because they haven't the habit acquired.

WILBUR COX

Wilbur is a noisy lad,  
Especially when Miss Smith acts mad,  
You ought to see her frown and say,  
"Wilbur, take *this* seat to-day."

TED HEDDEN

Here is a little boy named Ted,  
On groundless arguments he's fed.  
We often wonder where he's led,  
This little boy with the "great big head."

GEORGE RICHTER

Richter is our Artist,  
As in drawing class he sits  
Designing for our Annual  
Until shoved out, he quits.

MABEL CHANCE

When Mabel takes a chance,  
She's always sure to win;  
For Mabel is a Chance herself,  
That's where the joke comes in.



GRACE FISMER

Angling, gangling, rollicking Grace,  
She swings by her toes at a furious pace,  
She dances and prances,  
And with sidelong glances  
She gallops through life with a mace;  
But she's serious withal  
And whatever the call  
You can't read her thought in her face.

EDNA WOOD

Edna Wood is a quiet lass,  
Who rarely talks aloud in class.  
Her secret ambition she told one day,  
A speaker she'd be like Webster or Clay.

FRANCES WELTE

Frances is a funny lass,  
She never knows a thing;  
But when you see her in the class,  
She knows 'most everything.

EDITH HAPEMAN

This lass, Miss Edith Hapeman,  
Who seems to be so quiet,  
Will make you toe the tape, man,  
And almost cause a riot.

HELEN MAE COGAN

Some like them tall,  
Some like them all,  
But give Helen Mae  
A man that is small.

JESSIE EGAN

Sing a song of Jessie,  
A maid with snappy eyes,  
Many a hidden fancy  
Behind their mischief lies.

LOIS TICE

Of red-cheeked, bright-eyed, little Lois  
What we'd really like to know is,  
If her name does rhyme with joy—  
This girl who always says "Oh, boy!"

GEORGE DAVIS

Now old George Davis  
Was the Senior Class joker.  
But he went to the Navy  
And now he's a stoker.

HELEN MORRIS

Helen left us in the middle of the year  
Because she had finished her High School  
career;  
But now she's back, we have no lack  
Of former brightness and good cheer.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON

Every morning at eight fifty-nine  
We see Dody running down the line;  
All of a sudden we see her fall  
Down in the mud she goes, head and all.

ELIZABETH LAMBERT

Elizabeth is a basketball star,  
She catches the ball on a fly from afar;  
Then throws it up, and down it comes  
Into her arms and away she runs.

PERRY LOESCH

Perry, Perry, what a scar!  
I thought you were a Chemistry star.  
Frances certainly was bold  
With that experiment, I am told.

FRANK CHRISTIE

Frank is making a pretty canoe,  
We'll hope it won't leak when he gets thru;  
On the "Morris" Canal he'll paddle along,  
Singing many a merry song.

HAZEL BROWN

Hazel is a nice young singer,  
In History Class she's one great ringer;  
Singing songs we've never heard,  
She's like a cute canary bird.

VIRGINIA GILSON

"Too many and's, too many er's,  
Too many words ended with shurs,  
Dot the i's, cross the t's;"  
She is a critic one cannot please.

EVELYN NOBLE

Evelyn's very talkative,  
Of mirth she is provocative  
And merry glee!  
She ripples on and on and on  
As doth the sea!  
Her manner is imperative,  
Her method is superlative—  
Yea, verily!  
And when she talks, straightway is gone  
Solemnity!

MARIE RAAB

Ah, who can it be?  
Quite sure 'tis Marie;  
She caused that awful rumble  
With her sudden trip and tumble.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER

Mildred would an author be,  
She wrote a story once, you see,  
About a lady upon the hill,  
Whose husband died and left no will.



EVA THOMPSON

Eva is our "tee-hee" lass,  
No doubt this fact you know,  
For it is true in every class,  
She has a "tee-hee" beau.

PALMER CUNNING

Palmer Cunning, where've you been,  
Making such an awful din?  
Don't you know that little boys  
Shouldn't make quite so much noise?

HAROLD SAILE

Musician, athlete, good and hale,  
All these things is Harold Saile.  
A Fro-Heim Corporal quite renowned,  
We guess he makes them step around.

MARGARET BALLARD

We know an energetic miss  
Whose face gives forth a look of bliss.  
A right good friend beyond a doubt,  
Hasn't she ever helped you out?

JOHN GOGGIN

It surely takes much time  
To write a verse for Goggin.  
There's just one word will rhyme,  
And that word is toboggan!

J. C. TAYLOR

Jack is a small man,  
But never you mind.  
He makes more noise  
Than ten of our kind.

ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH

This good student all call Zach,  
On each subject knows a pack;  
Of success he'll never lack.  
For ambition's at his back.

SIDNEY KOPPEL

We have among us one of fame,  
Sir Sydney Koppel is his name,  
He has a stately style of prance,  
We think he's game to take a chance.

FRANK WITTBERG

With that of funny artist Rick  
We tried to rhyme this man's name, Frank;  
But as the names don't seem to stick  
We'll rhyme it with his aim—a bank.

GEORGE HEPBURN

Hepburn likes the girls we know,  
Though he never told us so;  
What they think we can not say,  
We'll find out some other day.

JEAN SAVILLE

Well, here's Jean Saville,  
Who finds work a hill;  
But climb it he ought'er  
To be a reporter.

ESTHER MURDOCK

Still water oft runs deep,  
With Esther this is true;  
She seems a quiet lamb asleep  
Until she turns her eyes on *you*.

VIRGINIA GARVIN

Virginia wouldn't like it  
If I told you out and out;  
But that she is some singer  
There isn't any doubt.

BENNETT ASBURY

Here's the lad, get ready to shout!  
Of inches he's not many;  
His name? Oh, my, I've left it out;  
It's simply little Benny.

ERVIN BELL

Here is a lad, a Bloomfield youth,  
Whose name is Ervin Bell.  
Some day he'll be, I'm sure, forsooth,  
A famous Admiral.

LURA VAN TASSEL

Whenever Lura is feeling blue  
She takes out her bright canoe,  
Goes up and down the Morris canal  
Talking and laughing with some old pal.

MARIONNE VAN HOUTEN

Marionne studied commercial laws,  
She wasn't noisy and she didn't fuss.  
She wasn't dull and this is because  
She began and she finished in company with  
us.

MARGUERITA MONTERO

Marguerita is a sport  
Who will laugh if you exhort.  
She once caused a great sensation  
Long before her graduation.

HARRY GEIB

Harry will surely be in it,  
If the fellows will go in a crowd;  
If he says it, he surely does mean it;  
Of his sayings and deeds he is proud.

IRENE PALLISER

Rene just loves to cook and bake,  
There's simply nothing she can't make;  
Yet withal she likes to preen,  
This young Senior girl, Irene.



BRISEIS TEALL

Twinkle, twinkle, honor star,  
While we worship from afar;  
How our bluffing must amuse  
Which *you* never, never use.

ALLAN WILCOX

Allan, Allan,  
Minister's son,  
Grabbed a spade  
And away he run,  
The work was hard  
But the boy was fit,  
And he's out at Froh Heim  
Doing his bit.

JEANETTE HIGGINS

Our friend Jeannette went away  
To a beautiful Normal School;  
She took our best wishes and stirs up the dishes  
She makes by Miss Schaufler's rule.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Sing a song of 'Lisabeth,  
A maid with coal-black hair;  
A commercial lass, an excellent cook,  
Is this girl who's free from care.

ELEANOR DURR

Eleanor stars in our early classes,  
Especially the eight forty-five;  
Into the room and out she dashes,  
Sighing, "Oh, am I dead or alive?"

CATHERINE SCHWALM

Catherine likes the Hula Hula,  
She never stops at that;  
She has a friend who's a Boola, Boola,  
But she declares, "He isn't fat!"

FLORENCE CLELAND

Long, lean and lanky is our Flo,  
She declares she's never short of "dough" (?).  
Wednesday night affects her queer,  
For Thursday morning she's never here.

McCRODDAN AND KYTE

McCroddan and Kyte are masters of dancing,  
To trip the fantastic, is their greatest delight,  
Their mothers have purchased a set of new  
carpets,  
Because of the feet of McCroddan and Kyte.

FLOYD BERDAN

Flo's Ford still seems to captivate,  
No one knows the reason why,  
But Flo he says, "It ain't the Ford,  
It's just myself, that's why."

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(Ki-ro-prak-tic)

CHIROPRACTIC is a scientific method of removing the cause of disease (acute or chronic) without the aid of drugs, surgery or appliances.

The science of Chiropractic is based upon a correct knowledge of the brain, spinal cord and nerves emanating therefrom. Pressure on a nerve at the opening where it leaves the spine, will cause disease in that organ or tissue at which the nerve ends. The Chiropractor, after locating the place of the pressure (by vertebral palpation and the tracing of the tender nerve) adjusts, by hand the subluxated (displaced) vertebrae which relieves the pressure and enables "Nature" to restore normal conditions—HEALTH.

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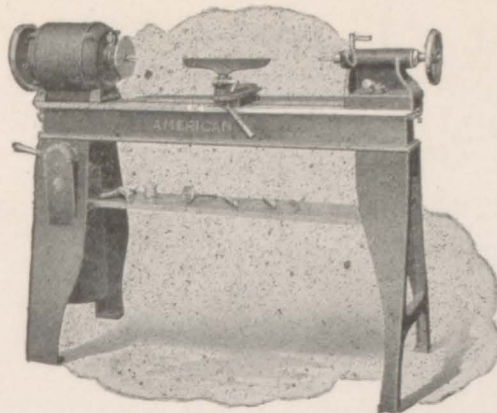
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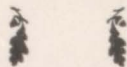
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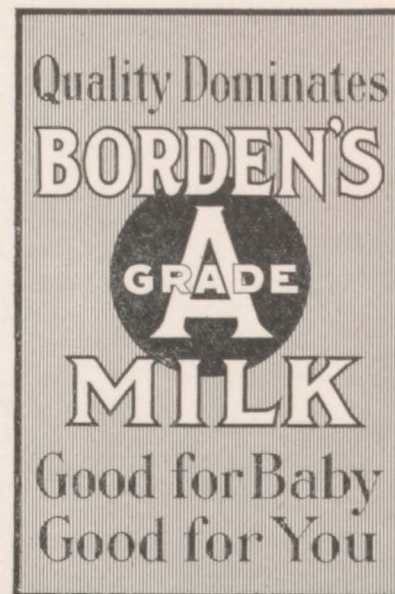
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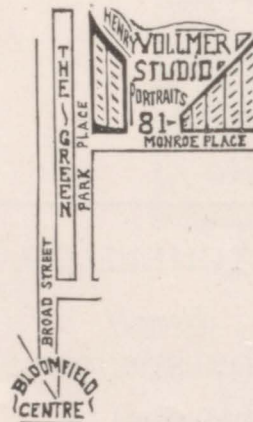


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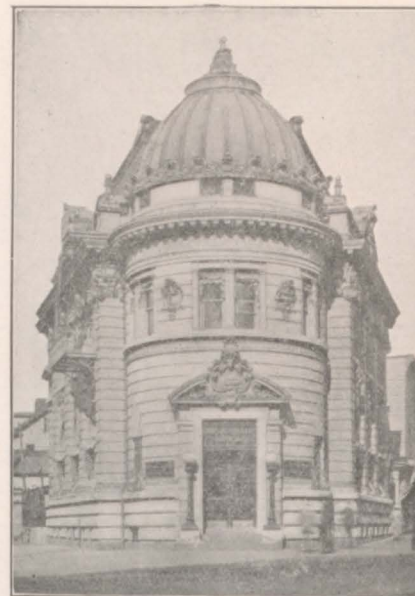
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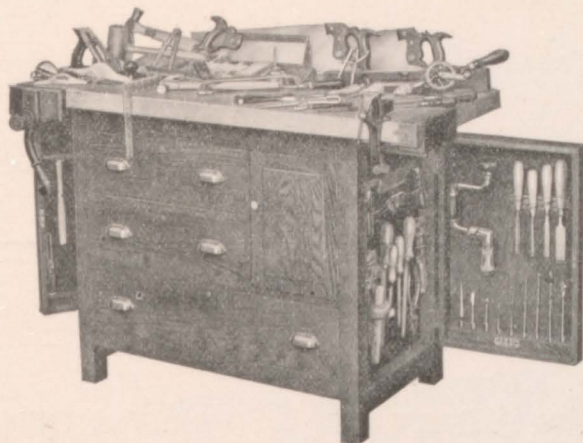
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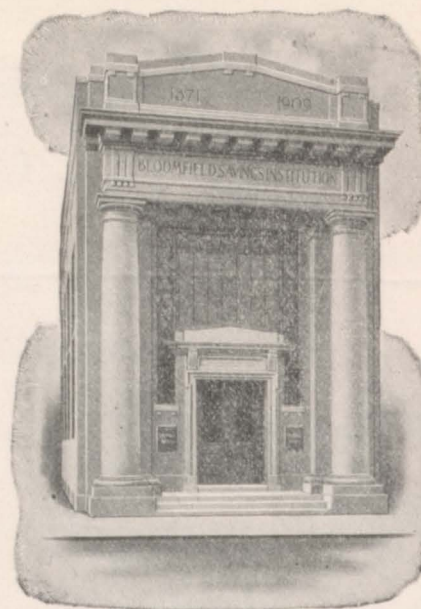
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